Dressing.-One scant cup dried ushrooms, one-third cup grated Edam cheese, two cups sausage meat, one cup brains, one small onion. res cloves garlic, one good pinch paraley, one good pinch celery, one colander cooked spinach, nine eggs. one medium sized bowl white bread (out fine and soaked in mik)-wring bread dry before adding to other ingredients-three tablespoons olive oil, two pinches allspice and salt and pepper to taste. All the ingredients must be chopped fine and thoroughly.

Gravy.—Get a fair sized boiling dece and make a brown gravy by first putting some bacon in a saucepan and then the meat, letting it brown nicely without water. After the meat has cooked a while, add a little onion, some parsley, celery and tomatoes, also a few dried mushrooms, salt and pepper. Let this cook until tomatoes are done, then add a little dry flour and stir it in well. Add enough water to keep the meat from burning and cook until meat is well done. When meat is done, add enough water to make the required amount

The Dough.-One sifter flour and a cup more, one small handful salt, two eggs, water enough to make a stiff dough. Roll this dough into several large, thin sheets, spread some dressing on half a sheet of dough and fold the other half over it. With the edge of a thin board mark the "turnover" into three inch squares. Go over the that marriage. marks made by the board and press the dough together firmly with the thumb. Cut the squares apart with a knife and lay them on a floured board

Cooking.-Have a kettle partly full

until the platter is full.

This recipe makes enough for about fifteen people.

Philadelphia Clam Soup.

Do not use the juice from the clams in the soup. Have about twenty-five small clams, one quart of milk, three potatoes, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. one-half cup butter, salt and pepper. Chop the clams fine and drain. Pare potatoes and chop. Place milk and potatoes in double boiler. Rub the butter and flour together until creamy and when potatoes and milk have boiled fifteen minutes stir in the butter and flour and cook eight minutes longer. Add parsley, pepper and salt and let boil three minutes. Then add the clams. Cook one minute and the soup is ready to serve. This is deli-

Neatness in Arrangement.

I find that a small pasteboard box iced on the floor beside me, into which I can drop pieces of thread and scraps of cloth while sewing, is a great belp in keeping the room neat, Express. It saves all that unsightly mess so often seen on the floor when one is sewing. A newspaper spread on the floor to drop the scraps on answers the same purpose and can be picked up and burned when one stops work.-Christian Science Monitor.

Gay Frocks for Children.

The fashion for Bulgarian colorings is as popular as ever, and its conquest is complete as regards some little frocks for children suitable for the spring.

Made of fine crash, cut in the Mag yar shape, the hem and sleeves bordered with scarlet, the front embroidered in bright colors, and the whole finished with a scarlet woolen girdle and tassels, they are delightful as play frocks and will wash well.

Poached Eggs and Ham.

Cut a neat round of toast for each person. Butter it and keep hot. Chop one tablespoon cooked ham for each round of toast. Carefully peach eggs. Add to the water a pinch of salt and half a teaspoon lemon juice or vinegar. This will prevent eggs breaking. When poached drain eggs and lay one on each round of toast. Arrange the ham around the edge to form a border, sprinkle with a little finely chopped paraley and serve at once.

Cheese Salad. Ten cents' worth of Roquefort cheese, a ten-cent package of cream cheese, one tablespoonful of butter, two green peppers, one large Bermuda onton, one-half a stalk of celery will be needed. Rub the Roquefort and cream cheese and butter to a smooth paste, add the finely chopped onion. peppers and celery. Mix well, Season with paprika and put in icebox to harden. Serve with hot toasted crack-

Fried Cheese Balls. One and one-half cupfuls of grated cheese, one tablespoonful of flour, the whites of three eggs, salt, pepper, and cracker dust.

Beat the whites of the eggs; add the other ingredients; make into balls and roll in cracker dust. If the amount of flour is doubled, the mixture may be dropped from a spoon and fried without being rolled in

Virginia Fried Chicken.

Two-pound chicken cut in pieces. one egg, salt, one-half teaspoonful bak-

ing powder. Lay chicken in water with large spoon of salt, for one-half hour. Make batter of egg, water, salt and haking powder. Dip each piece of chicken in this, and fry in deep, hot fat for fifteen minutes with cover on. Remove cover for five minutes, drain and

Ungallant Statement. "Mischief and petticoats came into the world the same day, and have remained together ever since."-"The Gate Openers." by K. L. Montgomery.



SYNOPSIS.

Pran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting. She repairs thither in search of him, laughs during the service and is asked to leave. Abbett Ashton, superintendent of schools, escorts Fran from the tent. He tells her Gregory is a wealthy man, deeply interested in charity work, and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and while takseen by Sapphira Clinton, sister of Robeen by Sapphira Clinton, sister of Rob-ert Clinton, chairman of the school board. Fran tells Gregory she wants a home with him. Grace Noir, Gregory's private secretary, takes a violent dislike to Fran and advises her to go away at once. Fran hints at a twenty-year-old secret, and Gregory in agitation asks Grace leave the room. Fran relates the story of how Gregory married a young girl at Springfield while attending college and then deserted her. Fran is the child of

CHAPTER V .- Continued.

Fran regarded him with somber intensity. "I've asked for a home with while the remainder of the dough and you on the grounds that your wife dressing are made into similar was my best friend in all the world. and because I am homeless. You refuse. I suppose that's natural. I have of boiling salted water, and when the to guess at your feelings because I squares are all made up drop into the haven't been raised among 'respectwater and boil for 25 minutes. When able people. I'm sorry you don't like the squares are taken from the water it, but you're going to provide for me they should be drained in a colander. right here. For a girl, I'm pretty in-To Serve.-Put a layer of the dependent; folks that don't, like me squares on a platter, sprinkle a layer are welcome to all the enjoyment they of grated cheese over and then put on get out of their dislike. I'm here to a layer of gravy. Repeat this process stay. Suppose you look on me as a sort of summer crop. I enjoyed hearing you sing, tonight-

"'We reap what we sow."

I see you remember."

He shuddered at her mocking holy things. "Hush! What are you saying? The past is cut off from my life. have anybody forcing that past upon

can't help it. You sowed. You can't you'd come-youpardon a seed from growing."

"I can help it, and I will. The past ts no more mine than hers-our marbuilding up a respectable life, here in people." Littleburg. You shall not overturn the labor of the last ten years. You other frantically, "hush! I hear my the other. She felt something like and do what you can!"

long have you been mar ried to the second Mrs. Gregory-the present one?"

He turned his back upon her as if writes a contributor to Los Angeles to go to the door, but he wheeled about: "Ten years. You understand? Ten years of the best work of my life that you want to destroy!"

"Poor lady;" murmured Fran. "The first Mrs. Gregory-my 'friend'-has been dead only three years. You and she were never divorced. The lady that you call Mrs. Gregory now-she isn't your wife, is she?"

"I thought-" he was suddenly ashen pale-"but I thought that she-I believed her dead long ago I was sure of it-positive. What you say is impossible-"

But no one can sow without reap ing," Fran said, still pityingly, "When you sang those words, it was only a song to you, but music is just a bit of life's embroidery, while you think it life itself. You don't sow, or reap in a choir loft. You can't sow deeds and reap words."

"I understand you, now," he faltered. "You have come to disgrace me. What good will that do you, oror my first wife? You are no abstraction, to represent sowing and reaping. but a flesh-and-blood girl who can go away if she chooses-"

"She chooses to stay." Fran assured "Then you have resolved to ruin me

and break my wife's heart!" "No, I'm just here to have a home."

seize by force?"

"Don't they say that the Kingdom of God may be taken by force? But ou know more about the Kingdom han I. Let them believe me the too late," he broke off, striving desperaughter of some old boyhood friend -that'll make it easy. As the daughter of that friend, you'll give me a home. I'll keep out of your way, and

be pleasant—a nice little girl, of any age you please." She smiled remotely He spoke dully: "But they'll want to know all about that old college

Not Dangerous, but Hard to Distin-

guish From That Where Bronchial

Tubes Are Affected.

It frequently happens that persons

hitherto in good health are suddenly

seized with fits of coughing, which

they have considerable difficulty in

overcoming. Due to a general neu-

rasthenic or hysterical nervous condi-

tion, this cough, owing to its particu-

lar characteristics, is termed "the

distinguished in any way from the

cough due to an affection of the res-

piratory passages. It sometimes oc-

cars in the form of periodical, pro-

longed and very painful fits of cough-

ing and sometimes as a continual

short, dry cough. Its most character-

istic symptom is that it ceases during

sleep and begins again on waking.

The patients while often a source of

anxiety to those around them, are

generally otherwise in very good

The nervous cough often cannot be

nervous cough."

friend."

JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS ILLUSTRATIONS BY O · IRWIN · MYERS (COPYRIGHT 1912 BOBBS - MERRILL CO.) Pot Server "Naturally Well, just invent some | already fallen. Apprehensions of a | a way, Grace Noir dominated the | story-I'll stand by you." storm caused hurried movements place. Perhaps it was because of her "You don't know me," he returned, throughout the house Blinding flashes splendidly developed body, her beauty, in doing so-"the fact is-the fact is,

drawing himself up. "What! do you of lightning suggested a gathering of her attitude of unclaimed yet unrecimagine I would lie to them?"

"I think," Fran remarked impersonally, "that to a person in your post- danger;" and as the unknown lady As for Mrs. Gregory, her mild alooftion—a person beginning to reap what he has sown, lying is always the next Fran heard footsteps upon the stairs, longed to the family. Hamilton Gregcourse. But you must act as your and caught a glimpse of Grace Noir ory found himself instinctively turnconscience dictates. You may be descending. sure that if you decide to tell the truth, I'll certainly stand by you in that.

Helplessly driven to bay, he flashed out violently, "Unnatural girl-or lying on the window-sill. She paused recent dismissal, demanded explanawoman-or whatever you are-there abruptly, her honest brown eyes tions. is no spirit of girlhood or womanhood opened wide. in you.

Fran returned in a low, concentrated voice, "If I'm unnatural, what were you in the Springfield days? Was it natural for you to be married secretly when the marriage might have been public? When you went away to break the news to your father, wasn't t rather unnatural for you to hide three years before coming back? When you came back and heard that your wife had gone away to be supported by people who were not respectable, was it natural for you to

telling?

wonder.

laugh, "I am Fran." It was spoken a

The lady wore her wavy hair part-

hides in her own breast.

"I am Mrs. Gregory

not Mrs. Gregory."

peated, mystified.

planation.

"Oh, no," cried Fran, with violence,

"I am Mrs. Gregory," the other re-

Fran tried to hide her emotion with

a smile, but it would have been easier

for her to cry, just because she of the

patient brown eyes was Mrs. Gregory.

At that moment Hamilton Gregory

re-entered the room, brought back by

the fear that Fran might tell all dur-

ing his absence. How different life

would have been if he could have

found her flown!-but he read in her

haggard face, for he was always work-

ing too hard, worrying over his exten-

sive charities, planning editorials for

his philanthropic journal, devising

means to better the condition of the

local church. But the presence of this

stranger-doubtless one of his count-

less objects of charity-demanded ex-

"Come," he said bruskly, addressing

neither directly, "we needn't stop here.

I have some explanations to make, and

they might as well be made before

He paused wretchedly, seeing no out-

look, no possible escape. Something

must be told-not a He, but possibly

not all the truth; that would rest with

Gregory followed, wondering, looking

ment for the actual source of Hamil-

CHAPTER VII.

there stood the secretary

ton Gregory's acutest regrets.

everybody, once and for all.

His wife was not surprised at his

face no promise of departure.

As for me, yes, I have neither the for battle. pirit of girlhood nor womanhood, for m neither a girl, nor a woman, I'm ed in the middle after that fashion rouse my anger-when I lose grip on impudent ribbon or arrogant flounce myself, I'm pretty hard to stop. If I stole one's attention from the mouth name is Frances." let everything rush on my mind-how that was just sincere and sweet. It I have been pardoned, and I will not she-my 'friend'-my sweet darling was a face one wanted to look at befriend'-how she searched for you all cause-well, Fran didn't know why. the years till she died-and how even "She's no prettier than I," was Fran's

Fran choked back the words. "Don't!" she gasped. "Don't repreach more than it bound her. She chose from you-from all the world. I want from a fairy rose-garden of thornless her own companions. I have been to smile, and be like respectable souls.

thing you say, but, oh, don't ruin me. ed forth protestingly-"But who are orphans are very exciting." Instead of anger, Fran showed sor- You shall have a home with us, you you?" shall have everything, everything. "Except a welcome," Fran faltered. frightened at the emotion she had betrayed. "Can you show me to a room -quick-before your wife comes? I



"I Am Mrs. Gregory

"Will you enjoy a home that you from New York to find you; I reached of his sin. Littleburg only at dusk-and I've been pretty busy ever since!"

"Come, then," he said hastily, "This way-I'll show you a room. it's rather at Fran than at her huseand. ately to regain composure. The door opened, and a woman entered the room hastily.

CHAPTER VI

Mrs. Gregory. The wind had suddenly increased in violence, and a few raindrops had who first claimed Fran's attention. In

cough, but not for long, and as a

The nervous cough is particularly

frequent between the ages of twelve

and seventeen. It then often as-

sumes the character of a barking

cough. It is unattended by any seri

ous danger, and does not induce any

emphysema. Change of climate ap-

English Averse to Change,

cry out in the lobbies and corridors:

These mysterious words have sound-

pears to have most effect upon it.

termination of each session

"Who goes home?"

Another peculiarity of this cough is through the ball of parliament.

rule in such cases the next fit

coughing is all the more severe.

A Family Conference. Of the group, it was the secretary Grace waited upstairs." COUGH DUE TO NERVOUSNESS | the absence of any secretion, for even | The custom dates from a time when after very prolonged fits of coughing it was necessary for members to go there is rarely anything noticeable home in parties, acompanied by men except a little saliva. Patients may carrying links or torches for common sometimes succeed in checking the protection against the foodpads who

infested the streets of London But

though that danger has long since passed away, the question "Who goes home?" is still asked, night after night, during the session of parliament. No reply is given, and none is ex-

Fair Warning. A golfer at the Haworth club, in the jolly little suburban village of that

name, got off one of those beautiful grass-clipping drives, the sort that There is nothing more amusing in start low and bend upward as they fly. makers and masons. all the quaint and curious customs of But unfortunately it struck a man on the English house of commons than the head; and the golfer hurried up the strange ceremony which marks the | with terror in his heart. 'Who done that?" asked the

The moment the house is adjourned, stricken man gruffly, turning toward loud-volced messengers and policemen the golfer.

"I am very sorry," said the golfer. I didn't see you. I am very sorry. "Youse people want to be careful," ed night after night for centuries said the man. "You'll be hurting somebody first thing you know."

Mrs. Gregory's mother, confined by The perspiration shone on Hamilton paralysis to a wheel-chair, fastened Gregory's forehead. "Just a moment," upon the new-comer eyes whose debt to that friend-oh, not of money, he uttered incoherently-"wait-I'll be brightness seventy years or more had of course a debt which circumstances

ing to Grace, rather than to his wife.

The lady closed the door behind her Mrs. Gregory's face did, indeed, ask York. Well, before my father died,

the family in the reception hall, where, ognized authority, that she stood dis-

opened the door of the front room, ness suggested that she hardly be-

before she perceived Fran, so intent | why Fran was there; but Grace, stand-

was she upon securing from threaten- ing at the foot of the stairs, and look-

ing rain some unfinished silk-work ing at Gregory with memory of her

according to tradition, there was "less | tinctly first.

back when I make sure my library not dimmed. The group was complet- prevented me from paying-from window's closed. . . . " He left the ed by Mrs. Gregory's bachelor brother, room, his brain in an agony of inde-older than his sister by fifteen years. This brother, Simon Jefferson, though friend. The friend is dead, you undercision. How much must be told? And how would they regard him after the stockily built and evidently well-fed, stand, yes, dead." wore an air of lassitude, as if peren-"Who are you?" asked the indy of nially tired. As he leaned back in a thirty-five, mildly, but with gathering hall chair, he seemed the only one cy. She inquired of Fran, "And is present who did not care why Fran

The answer came, with a broken was there. Gregory broke the silence by clearbe satisfied with the first rumors you little defiantly, a little menacingly, as ing his throat with evident embarrassheard, and disappear for good and all? If the tired spirit was bracing itself ment. A peal of thunder offered him reprieve, and after its reverberations such a way as to throw doubt upon the had died away, he still hesitated, sex. Now that he realized how his "This," he said presently, "is a-the wife's misunderstanding might save nothing." Her voice trembled. "Don't which perhaps was never new; and no orphan—an orphan—one who has him, he had not the courage to undecome to me from- She says her ceive her.

> "Fran," came the abrupt correction: 'Just Fran."

There was a general feeling that an orphan should speak less positively, might drown out the sound of her Her words came bitingly: "You on her death-bed she thought maybe decision, measuring from the natural even about her own name-should be, as it were, subdued from the mere its breath to listen. standard-the standard every woman fact of orphanhood.

"And who is Fran?" asked the mild "An orphan!" Simon Jefferson ejacme, or I'll reproach you, and I mustn't voice. The lady smiled so tenderly, ulated, moving restlessly in his effort riage was legal, but it bound me no do that. I want to hide my real heart it was like a mellow light stealing to find the easiest corner of his chair. Did you ever tell me about this "I hope nothing is going to excite me. have heart-disease, little girl, and I'm liable to topple off at any moment. Fran caught her breath while her

"For God's sake," whispered the face showed hardness—but not against I tell you, I must not be excited." "I don't think," replied Fran, with his lips so often in love. He opened can go. My will is unalterable. Go- wife coming. Yes, yes, I'll do every- holy wrath as her presentment sound- cheerful interest in his malady, "that his lips, but he could not say "Jose-

Hamilton Gregory resumed, caustepping over dangerous "Come here, Fran Derry," said Mrs. tiously ground, while the others looked at Gregory, reaching out her hand, with pension office that the last soldier of "no!" She added rather wildly, "It Fran, and Grace never ceased to look that sweet smile that somehow made can't be-I mean-but say you are at him. "She came here tonight, after Fran feel the dew of tears. the services at the Big Tent. She came here and, or I should say, to request, to ask-Miss Grace saw her ter of my old friend. You wouldn't when she came. Miss Grace knew of want me to do that. None of you her being here." He seized upon this would. Now that I've explained evfact as if to lift himself over pitfalls. erything, I hope there'll be no objec-



Fran Suggested Honor Fran. He was as much in her power She would not condemn him unheard, that of a hired secretary, saying, ribly tired. I've come all the way as if she, herself, had been the effect but at the same time she let him see that her knowledge of Fran would not Doubtless, when alone with Hamilton He opened the door, and walked help his case. It did not surprise Gregory, she would express her sinwith a heavy step into the hall. Mrs. Mrs. Gregory that Grace had known cere conviction that the girl's presence of the strange presence; the secretary would interefere with his work-but knew of events before the rest of the these others would not understand. Fran's keen eyes searched the apart- family.

Gregory continued, delicately pick to Mrs. Gregory's laugh a girlish note, ing his way: "But the child asked to but almost at once her face resumed see me alone, because she had a specits wonted gravity. Perhaps the cial message—a—yes, a message to slight hollows in the cheeks had been deliver to me. So I asked Miss Grace pressed by the fingers of care, but it to leave us for half an hour. Then I heard the girl's story, while Miss of shadow, that told Fran something food instead of any one of a large num-"Well," Simon Jefferson interposed

BUSY LIVES LED BY WASPS | clean the streets of their town with

Insects as Industrious at Home as

When They Get After the Swimming Small Boy. Wasps appear to be wellnigh as in-

dustrious as ants or bees. One authority has declared that the cardinal doctrine of the wasps is: "If any wasp will not work, neither shall he

Division of labor is clearly seen in the wasp's nest. Some of the workers seem to be specially employed as foragers and soldiers, others appear to be told off as nurses and guardians, while yet others are engaged as paper-

Wasps are at all times particularly fond of honey. Toward the end of summer, as all bee-keepers know, they will force their way into beehives and carry off by force as much as they can gorge of their winged neighbor's

honey. The drones of the wasp world, instead of being idle and luxurious, are sober, industrious and well-behaved members of the community. They ed to be killed."

exemplary diligence, acting as public scavengers or sanitary officers. And they have their reward, for, unlike the been drones, they live their allotted life in peace and gaietness until winter involves both them and their

Perils of the Air. Miss Eleanor Sears, the beautiful nd athletic young Bostonian, was visiting recently at a country house where a good deal of flying is

maiden sister in one common cata-

clyam of death and destruction.

done.

Miss Sears, one cold and brilliant afternoon, appeared on the terrace of the mansion in a new and charming aviation costume.

"How do you like my new rig?" she asked, as she approached a party of young men and women who were

taking tea in the open air behind a glass wind screen. One of the young men answered

with a loo': of admiration: "Beautiful! You are always dressed to kill. Today, though, you are dress-

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

FICH IN CURATIVE QUALITIES FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

## Get a Canadian Home In Western Canada's Free Homestead Area THE PROVINCE



Vacant lands adjacent to Free Homesteads may be purchased and also in the older districts ands can be bought at reason-able prices.

irritably, "Miss Grace is accounted for.

Go on, brother-in-law, go on, if we

this point turned to his wife-for at

certain odd moments he found relief

this girl is the er-daughter of-of a

very old friend of mine-a friend who

was-was a friend years ago, long be-

fore I moved to Littleburg, long before

I saw you, Lucy. That was when my

home was in New York. I have told

you all about that time of my youth,

when I lived with my father in New

I was acquainted with-this friend

owed that person a great debt, not of

Gregory mopped his brow while all

looked from Fran to him. He re-

sumed desperately: "I owed a great

meeting-which I still owe to the

memory of that-er-of that dead

Mrs. Gregory could not understand

That simple question, innocently

Fran waited for him to speak. The

It seemed impossible for him to ut-

ter the name which had sounded from

phine." Besides, the last name would

its. "I couldn't turn away the daugh-

tion to her staying here in the house-

that is, if she wants to stay. She has

come to do it, she says-all the way

Mrs. Gregory slipped her arm about

the independent shoulders, and drew

"Do you know," she said gently, "you

are the very first of all his New York

friends who has come into my life?

shall stay with us, just as long as you

could like me? Could-you?"

Indeed, I am willing, and indeed you

Fran asked impulsively, as she

need a home, and you shall have one

Tears dimmed Fran's eyes. "And I

Grace Noir was silent. She liked

Fran less than ever, but her look was

"With all this. I have nothing to do."

Fran's unconventionality had given

was rather lack of light than presence

was missing from the woman-heart.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

with us. I like you already, dear.

a woman you are!"

the girl down beside her upon a divan.

"Derry," he gasped.

three years ago."

what was it?"

from New York."

do.

preferred, directed the course of fu-

ture events. Mr. Gregory had not in-

her husband's unaccustomed hesitan-

your mother dead, too, little girl?"

money-a debt of-what shall I sav?"

Fran suggested, "Honor."

"The fact is, Lucy-" Gregory at

must have it."

For further particulars write t J. M. Mactachian, Drawer 578, Watertown, S. R. R.A. GARRETT, 315 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn. Canadian Government Agents, address Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Case

Profiting by Superstition.

After having sat on many juries the observant man is of the opinion that the whole human race is still strongly tarred with the brush of superstition.

"I am confirmed in that belief by the amount of damages invariably voted to plaintiffs, whose injuries smack of superstitious origin," he said. "If a load of bricks should fall from a fifth story window on to the head of a man who happened to be walking under a ladder he would get twice as much damages as if the ladder were not there. The element of bad luck that attaches to a ladder would insensibly influence every juror, and the sum awarded would reflect their prejudices and sympathies."

## HANDS BURNING, ITCHING

905 Lowell Place, Chicago, Ill .-"The trouble began by my hands burntentionally spoken of his friend in ing and itching and I rubbed and scratched them till one day I saw little red sores coming out. My hands were disfigured and swollen, and troubled me so that I could not sleep. They were cracked and when the small sores broke a white matter delay had lost him the power to rewould come out. I could not do any veal the truth. Would Fran betray hard work; if I did the sores would him? He wished that the thunder come out worse. For two years nobody could cure my eczema, until one words, but the sterm seemed holding day I thought I would try the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I used warm wa-Fran said quietly, "My mother died ter with the Cuticura Soap and after that I put the Cuticura Ointment on Mrs. Gregory asked her husband, my hands twice a day for about five or six months when I was cured." friend? I'd remember from his name; (Signed) Sam Marcus, Nov. 28, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address pest-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Last Civil War Veterans.

the Civil war will die in 1955. That is the estimate made by those who Hamilton Gregory plucked up spir. make a study of vital statistics. If the last veteran survives until that date he will have lived 90 years after the surrender of Lee.

> Kronk, who died a couple of years ago in New York state, was the last soldier of the War of 1812, and he lived considerably more than 90 years after peace had been signed. Bakeman, the last soldier of the Revolution, lived for 86 years after the peace

Here is hoping that some man who wore the blue or gray may fool the pension office and round out a full century after Appomattox!-Philadelphia Ledger.

No Room for Speeding.

Mr. Atkins was driving over his property with his daughter and a clasped her hands, "Do you think you young man whom he was beginning to look upon as a possible and very "Dear child"-the answer was acdesirable son-in-law. companied by a gentle pressure, "you

The chauffeur, not unnaturally, was are the daughter of my husband's inclined to show off the motor car, friend. That's enough for me. You but Mr. Atkins himself had higher thoughts. As John, the chauffeur, quickened his speed, he leaned over just love you," she cried. "My! What near him, and said, in a whisper: "Not so fast, John, not so fast.

You make my estate look too small.

Compliments are the small coin of conversation; very convenient and mostly counterfeit.

"LIKE MAGIC" New Food Makes Wonderful Changes.

When a man has suffered from dyspepsia so many years that he can't re-

member when he had a natural appetite, and then hits on a way out of trouble he may be excused for saying "it acts like magic." When it is a simple, wholesome ber of so called remedies in the form

of drugs, he is more than ever likely to feel as though a sort of miracle has been performed, A Chicago man, in the delight of restored digestion, puts it in this way:

"Like magic, fittingly describes the manner in which Grape-Nuts relieved me of poor digestion, coated tongue and loss of appetite, of many years standing. "I tried about every medicine that

was recommended to me, without relief. Then I tried Grape-Nuts on the suggestion of a friend. By the time I had finished the fourth package, my stomach was all right, and for the past two months I have been eating with a relish anything set before me. That is something I had been unable to do previously for years.

"I am stronger than ever and I consider the effects of Grape-Nuts on a weak stomach as something really wonderful. It builds up the entire body as well as the brain and nerves." Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A ne-